

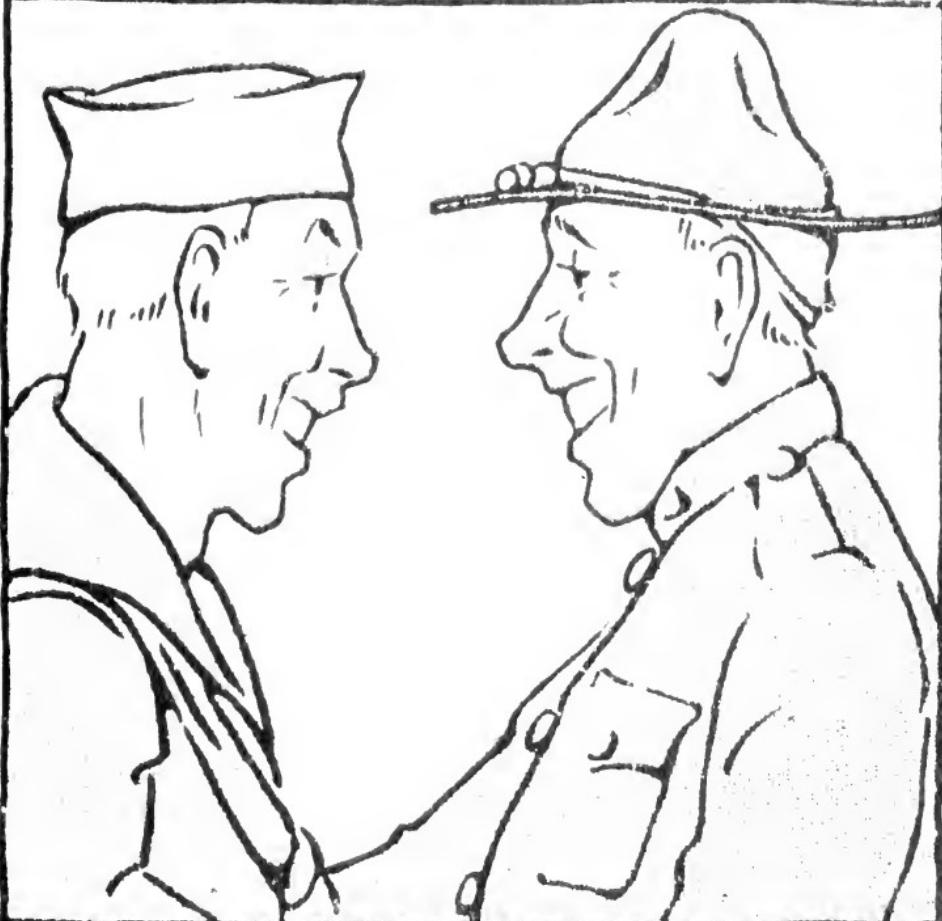
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JAR TIME LAUGHS



STORIES • VERSES • PICTURES

WAR TIME LAUGHS

Verses by

DONALD G. ROBERTSON

*Entertainer War Camp Community Service
War Recreation Board of Illinois*

Illustrated by

CHARLES S. ARCHER

Stories by Permission

DONALD G. ROBERTSON

Publisher

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Chicago

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SEP 18 1918

To
H. E. S.

The Authors acknowledge that from a literary and artistic standpoint "War Time Laughs" is decidedly deficient. From a "laugh" point of view, however, we hope that it will appeal to your sense of humor. Whether sailor, soldier or civilian, may you enjoy this compilation.



AELHER

Y. M. C. A.

Every evening at the "Y"
Nowhere else we want to go,
Play the "Vic," then read or write—
Listen to the evening show.

Somehow, blues all fade away,
Homesick? Sure, but we don't care,
We can stand a lot of blues,
When there's music in the air.

NO MAN'S LAND

Brady had no use for women,
So not tied down with a wife,
He enlisted—then concluded
Army was the ideal life.

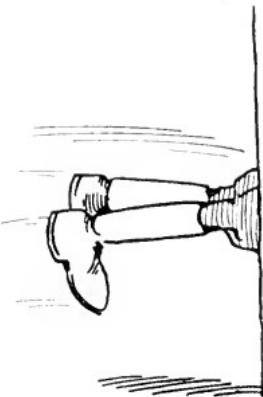
One fine day he got a furlough
Went to town the sights to see,
To the best hotel he jitneyed,
Clerk assigned Room 5-4-3.

With the boys he spent the evening,
Sleepy-eyed, long after two,
Down the darkened hall he stumbled
Stopped before Room 5-4-2.





ARCHER



In this room his door key let him,
But he could not find the light,
Then somehow his intuition
Told him—he was not in right.

As an outpost senses tear gas,
Warning of the danger zone,
Likewise rose and lilac odors
Warned him he was not alone.

Soon his eyes confirmed his danger,
Shapely outlines he could see;
On the chairback just before him,
Hung some female lingerie.

Quick he stole back to the hallway,
Knees quaked he could hardly stand;
There he realized his danger,
He had been in No Mans' Land.

A party of wounded marines were being taken to a hospital on a much overloaded motor truck. The nurse accompanying them became anxious about their wounds.

"I hope I'm not hurting any of you," she said.

"You're hurting me a lot," said one of the soldiers.

"But I'm nowhere near you," the nurse said indignantly.

"That's what's hurting me," was the calm reply.

★ ★ ★

The general had passed directly in front of a recruit whose education had not so far progressed that he considered it a breach of military regulations to sit unconcernedly on an empty box and puff at a cigarette while an officer passed by.

"My boy," the general turned and said, "do you know that you are supposed to stand at attention and salute officers who pass by?"

The recruit replied that he had not noticed any officers.

"Well," was the reply, "I am only a general, but some day a second lieutenant is going to come along and give you hell for your lack of attention."

★ ★ ★

Bess (to Lieutenant Husband): I read today that every dead soldier costs the government \$4,000. So you won't risk yourself needlessly, will you?"



THE VETERAN

An Irishman one day came in
To a recruiting station
"I'd like," said he, "to go to France
And help defend the nation."

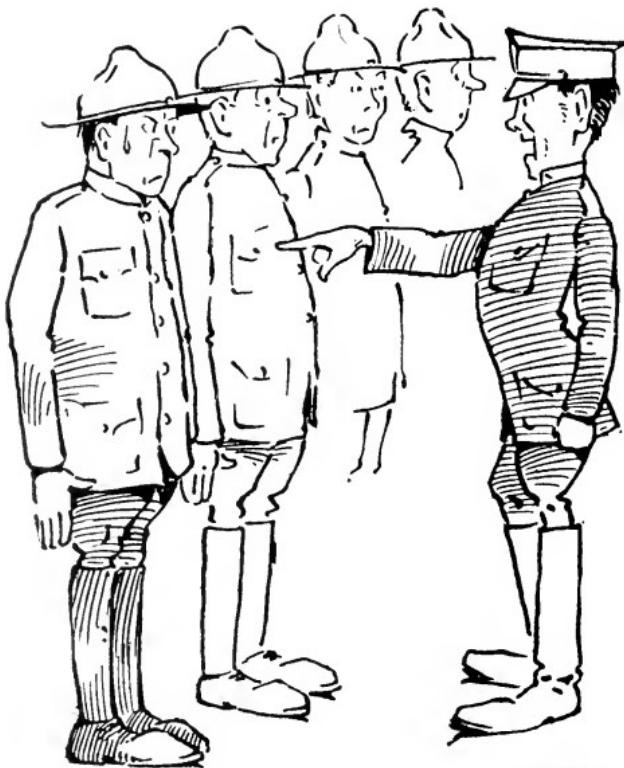
So soon his name and other facts
Were quickly put in writing
He then was asked to state his past
Experience in fighting.

"I've been in battles hot," he said,
'Tis many wounds I've carried,
I've learned by now the way to fight
For three times I've been married."

MY YOUNG BROTHER

For years I bossed that kid around,
He did as he was bid,
But at the O. T. C. they made
A Captain of that kid.

The draft then sent me off to camp
And to the company
Where my young brother was in charge,
Well—now he bosses me.



ARCHER

Some soldiers back of the trenches were being shown behind the lines a machine for sterilizing clothing and, of course, eliminating "pests". One of the party was obviously quite unimpressed, and afterward an assistant at the sanitary station asked him whether he did not think the machine a fine one.

"Well enough, perhaps," said he, "but I've got a dodge of my own that is better. I wear my shirt two days one way, then they are all inside; then I turn the shirt inside out and wear it that way. By the time they've got inside I turn it back again, and so I go on and on and at last the marching and counter marching breaks the little devils' hearts and they die."



Lieut. Jones: You look sweet enough to eat.

Pretty Girl: I do eat. Where shall we go?



After two months at camp, Private Nelson got his leave at last and made what he conceived the best use of his furlough by getting married. On the journey back at the station he gave the gatekeeper his marriage certificate in mistake for his return railroad ticket. The official studied it carefully, then said: "Yes, my boy, you've got a ticket for a long wearisome journey, but not on this road."



Archse

WE'RE PARTNERS NOW

We're partners now, we're going to stick,
Yes, me and Red McLain,
The other night was when we met
Around a poker game.

Now Red had lost his well earned dough
While shootin' low down craps,
And my pay went the same damn way,
The hour 'tween mess and taps.

For Red had borrowed fifty cents,
I had but ten cents more,
We pooled our wad and drew a hand,
One Queen—Hell! Give us four.

But luck came with us at the start,
And Red's hand shook a lot,
They called our bluff—but then—oh boy!
Our three Queens took the pot.

Well, Red and I are bankers now,
We play our game this way,
He draws the cards—then plays my hunch,
We carry home their pay.

Each day we stick together in
The trenches just the same,
We're partners in the fightin' now
We're going to beat the game.



A young man offered a lady his seat. Imagine his surprise when she drew herself up haughtily and exclaimed, "I don't accept favors from slackers."

But he was not taken aback. Instead he regarded the lady critically and then replied:

"Madam, I fought in the battle of Vimy Ridge, and if we had had as much powder there as you have on your face, the result would have been different."

After a recent pay day at Washington a government clerk was wandering aimlessly down Pennsylvania Avenue, hugging his pay envelope, when he was held up by two footpads.

He held up his hands, but began to plead: "Don't take my money. Blow out my brains if you must, but please don't take my money. It doesn't take any brains to live in Washington, but it does take a lot of cash."

★ ★ ★

After-dinner Speaker: Gentlemen, I have come prepared tonight to speak on the war.

Guest: It's all right, old man. We've come prepared to listen to you.

★ ★ ★

"The surgeon of the regiment was both professional and military in the order he gave when he wanted to vaccinate them."

"What was his order?"

"Present arms."

★ ★ ★

"No, the fear of falling never enters my head," said the aviator to his gapping hearers. "What scares me is the danger of stalling my engine about two miles up and not being able to get down."



INGENUITY

Peggy knit a woolen sweater,
She would send it off to Paul,
But alas, when it was finished,
It was much too small;
So a stitch or two she added,
Then her friends said "Oh how cute"
Now that sweater she is wearing
As her bathing suit.



"WAR GARDEN" IS RIGHT!

With patriotic plans for weeks
I worked with spade and hoe,
'Till seeds were soaked and planted, and
The things began to grow.

One day the wife said, "Pull the weeds,"
So in that sweaty lot,
I hoed and worked on hands and knees,
That day was surely hot.

Then wife came out to view the growth
Of all our planted seeds,
"You nut," she cried, "you've pulled the plants
And only left the weeds."

Our war time garden was well named,
It broke our married life,
It only grew the cause to start
A good fight with my wife.



An officer who was rather unpopular with his men, coming to camp one evening was almost drowned in a river swollen by heavy rains. He was rescued by a private in his own regiment. The officer in order to show his gratitude, asked his preserver how he could reward him. "The best way, sir," said the soldier, is to say nothing about it." "But why?" asked the astonished officer. "Because, sir," was the reply, "if the other fellows knew I pulled you out, they'd chuck me in."



The Congressman was in camp and was being conducted through the barracks. "Well, my lad, do you know me?" he inquired of one of the soldiers. "No, sir," was the astonishing response, "but I know one of your servant girls."

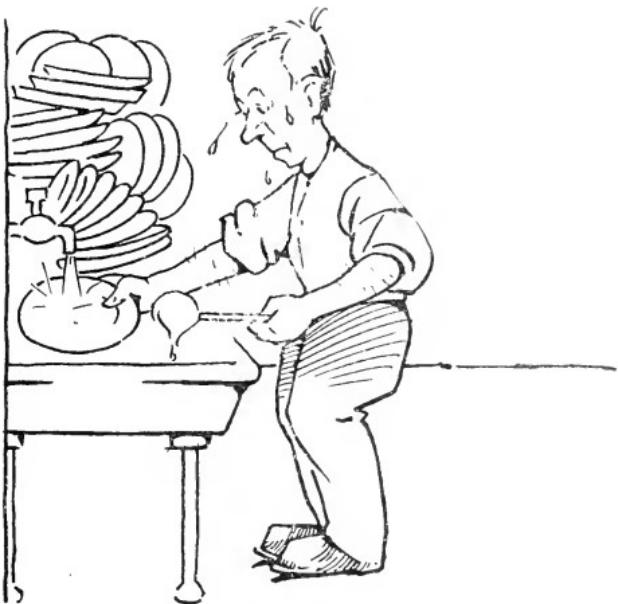
HIS FIRST RESPONSIBILITY

Ambition was the middle name
Of Isador B. Stein,
A leader he would try to be,
Authority seemed fine.

Upon enlistment he described
His military knowledge
He'd marched last Labor Day with men
From Dandruff's Barber College.

Then twice a week for two whole weeks
With home guards he had drilled
With such a record they, no doubt,
Were much impressed and thrilled.





He volunteered for sergeant, but
All leaders of his stamp,
He knew would be compelled to go
To the officers' training camp.

Then somehow a mistake was made,
A private he must be,
For right away he was assigned
To serve as a K. P.

But jobs of trust came right away,
The corporal, one night,
Gave him an envelope—unsealed
To hand to Captain White.

The makeup of the regiment
Where Captain White would be
He found composed of colored men
As dusky as could be.

The military envelope
Which spurred him on his way
Bore no official mark except
The mark, "Y. M. C. A."

Now Captain White had just gone out,
Would some one do instead?
Lieutenant Jones who read the note
Just winked his eye and said:





That General Facts and Colonel Nutt
And likewise Major Sports
Should read the note, as it contained
The evening "Gun Reports."

At last, some "Lieut" returned him to
His officer of the day,
Who bawled him out, then made him read,
The note; it went this way:

"Have Private Stein bring back at nine
Our Doughboy's sleeping caps,
A bucketful of reveille
And half a pint of taps."

SOUNDS TOO GERMAN

You know I'm patriotic dear,
I'm Yankee thru and thru,
I love to hear you call me "Sweet"
 I care a lot for you.
But one name I can never stand,
 Until this war is won,
This chummy term is censored, dear
 Don't ever call me "Hon."



He had been promoted to captain's rank and decided to celebrate the occasion. He entered a swagger restaurant and "did himself" handsomely. The waiter fussed around, smiling and obsequious and expectant. He brought back the change after paying the bill and was very wroth when the officer pocketed the lot. But there was still time, and bowing and smiling he assisted the khaki man into his coat and handed him his hat. Nothing happened, so the waiter ventured meaningfully:

"Haven't you forgotten something, sir?"

The officer started. "By Jove!" he said, "I have!"

He turned and picked up a dollar bill from beneath his plate and put it back in his pocket.



"Well, have you got down to a war basis yet?"

"Yes. I've given up my business, lost twenty pounds, spent all my spare cash in taxes, sent my boys to the front, and was never happier in my life."



The lady danced three times with the good looking first lieutenant and then said: "Pardon me, sir, but your face is strangely familiar. Haven't I seen you somewhere before?"

"Yes, madam, you have," responded the officer, "I was your milkman for more than three years."



DATES—THEN AND NOW

Then "Happy" always wore a smile
No cares had passed his way,
His many evening dates all made
His daily work seemed play.

With Polly movies, Jane a stroll,
And Grace a dance or show,
All life was gay and happy then
With everywhere to go.

Now "Happy" gets a big return,
Those girls remember him
With candy, socks and letters fat
When e'er the mail comes in.

His life is yet without its cares,
His smiles will never fail,
The secret—yes—he still keeps up
His evening dates by mail.



Private Smith, after serving three weeks, had fallen beneath the avenging eye of the commanding officer for some petty offense. Thereupon he sent the following touching letter to his mother:

"Dear mother: I am now a defaulter."

His grief was too great to write more, so he got a comrade to mail it for him and sat down to do his punishment in silence. Five days later he got this:

"My Dear Son: I am so glad to hear of your promotion. Be sure to be kind to the men under you and never forget that you were a private once yourself."



Willis: How do you like army life? Quite a number of new turns for a fellow to get used to, I suppose.

Gillis: You bet. At night you turn in, and just as you are about to turn over somebody turns up and says: "Turn out."



CONVINCING EVIDENCE

"How is your boy getting along at the camp?"

"Wonderful! I feel a sense of great security. An army that can make my son get up early, work hard all day and go to bed early can do most anything."

In a Pennsylvania town the Mayor has forbidden the village belles to kiss the soldiers who pass through the town enroute to France. He acted on complaint of the Red Cross, which claimed that the kissing interfered with the task of feeding the soldiers. Who wants to eat, anyhow?



Sweeney was a new recruit. He was also a Knight of Columbus. The second day at camp was spent in hours of tiresome drill. Toward evening the Top Sergeant called out: "All K. P.'s step forward!" Twelve men advanced and when the others were dismissed, followed the officer toward the mess halls. Sweeney was tired and hungry and his blood boiled at the thought of the favoritism about to be shown to the dozen Knights of Pythias. He followed the men, cursing under his breath, until on reaching the mess hall he heard the gruff "top" exclaim, "Now you kitchen police, get busy." Sweeney made a hasty withdrawal.



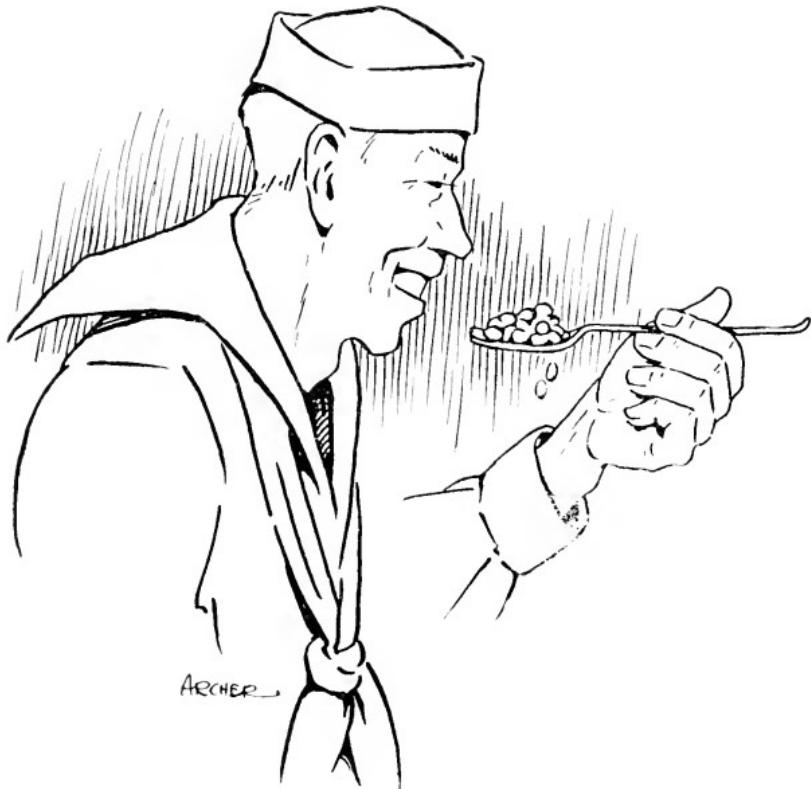
"How does your son like army life?"

"Not very well—the nearest he has come to fighting the Germans so far has been peeling potatoes."



"So you don't write to Jack any more?"

"No—when I visited him at camp last week he was using the wristlets I knitted him to clean his rifle."



IT'S IN EACH NAVY BEAN

Of brains and brawn created by
This war on land and sea,
The vigor of the jackies seems
Most wonderful to me.

They guide the transports safe across,
They sink the submarines,
The secret yes—their energy
Comes from their navy beans.

It was Christmas Eve in camp and very cold. There was a certain amount of confusion owing to the Christmas festivities, with leave, and so forth, and one man was unable to find any of his outer garments. He wandered about asking all his mates if they knew where they were.

"Has any one seen my b-b-blanket?" he demanded, but no one had.

"Has any one seen my t-t-trousers?" No answer.

"Well, I'm d—n glad I got a nice w-w-warm belt, anyhow."



He had captured a prisoner, and while they waited for the escort to come up, he said:

"Have you a wife?"

"Nein", answered the German.

"Nine!" gasped the Tommy. "Where's your Iron Cross?"



"What do you think of the army as far as you have gone?" inquired a sergeant of a newly arrived recruit at camp.

"I may like it after a while, but just now I think there is too much drilling and fussing around between meals," was the reply.

He: (Just returned from the trenches) "I love the smell of powder."

She: "Oh do you? How do you like the lilac that I use?"



Captain O'Brien on the march with his company in France was tired out.

"How far is it to L—?" he asked a French peasant, as he swung past.

"Ten Kilometers," came the reply.

They marched for another hour or so, then he asked another peasant. Again came the reply, "Ten Kilometers."

A half hour later he asked again.

"About Ten Kilometers," was the answer.

"Well," he said, "thank heaven we're keeping up with that damned place!"



A mother who had three sons in service, being unable to read, would take their letters to a neighbor who would read them to her. One day she called upon the friend to help as before.

"Dear Mother," ran the letter, "Address as before. I—I—" then the neighbor stopped as the writing was bad. Whereupon the old mother exclaimed,

"Yes, that's from Johnny—he always stuttered."

NEATLY EXPOSED

Said the captain to the lady while,
He danced with silver spurs
"Why do you wear your skirts so high
And yet wear heavy furs?"

"Your spurs," said she with modest smile,
"Give us our alibi,
Our dancing gowns we must protect,
And so we wear them high."

(Now we know why officers wear spurs)





MY BIRTHDAY BOX

My birthday box just came to-day,
With smokes and things to eat,
Then all the fellows gathered 'round,
And we sure had a treat.

I pulled out sweaters, wristlets, socks,
All made of warmest wool.
Believe me, boy, the folks were good,
That box was brimming full.

Then all the fellows had a laugh,
And this is past belief,
For out came silk suspenders and
A can of army beef.

But all the smokes and things to wear,
With other stuff to eat
Made that one joyous, happy day,
My birthday was complete.

★ ★ ★

One man in a western city will probably go through life bewailing the injustice of the draft board that certified him for service, despite the fact that he presented a letter written by his wife to prove that he had a dependent family. Here is the letter:

"Dear U. S. Army: My husband ast me to write a recommend that he supports his family. He cannot read, so don't tell him. Jus take him. He aint done nothin but play a fiddle and drink lemen essence since I married him eight years ago and I got to feed seven of his kids. Maybe you can get him to carry a gun. He's good on squirrels and eatin. Take him and welcum. I need the grub and his bed for the kids. Don't tell him this but take him."



NOT QUITE THE SAME

"I see the British have taken Peronne."

"Is that so? Does that stuff act the same as castor oil?"



Mrs. A: My boy has just joined the army.

Mrs. B: Then I suppose he's met my nephew—he's in the army, too.

The prize patriot has been discovered. A U. S. marine recruiting officer encountered him.

"Don't you want to enlist?" he asked.

"No, I guess not."

"Why?"

"Well, it certainly isn't because I'm not patriotic. Why, if it wasn't for the war, I'd have been in service long ago."

★ ★ ★

A private in an Irish regiment and a life guardsman were "blowing" about the standard of height in their respective regiments.

"Why," said the life guardsman, "one of our fellows is so tall that he can light his pipe at a lamp post.

"Be Jabers!" retorted Pat. "Flanigan of Company D is so tall the beggar has to get down on his knees when he wants to put his hands in his trousers pockets."

★ ★ ★

Draft Expert Dennis of the local board received a protest the other day from a mother whose boy is now in France.

"Ain't it just like them French gals to be runnin' after our boys! Me son writes that life in the trenches wouldn't be so bad if the 'cooties' didn't pester him so terribly."



DREAM HARMONY

Before the war Pierre Gascogne
Worked in the big hotel,
As first assistant to the chef,
Ah,—you remember well.

The draft sent young Pierre to camp,
They soon found out somehow,
That he was aptly qualified
To fix up all the chow.

In modern culinary arts
Pierre was par excel,
And mess seemed like a dinner at
A very best hotel.

Each Sunday brought out dinner guests,
A countless multitude
Of fathers, mothers, wives and girls,
Who loudly praised the food

One day a sister asked if she
Could watch the cook prepare
The tasty grub that was so good—
Well then she met Pierre.

In all his future dreams, Pierre
Could never quite conceive
Of any girl so nice—well soon
With her he spent each leave.

All week her music took her hours;
Week ends to him she'd sing,
And then for days the echoes sweet
Would make his heart chords ring.

Well, now they plan for happy days,
Their future dream reveals
That music lessons she will teach
While he will cook the meals.

A returned soldier was relating some of his hair raising experiences at the front. "One day," said he, "about 2,000 of our men were grouped together, when a wily German officer suddenly appeared from behind a clump of trees and took the bunch of us." "What," said one of his listeners, "2,000 of you and only one German officer. What the —." "Oh, you see," said the returned soldier, "he took us with a camera—then we took him."



Harold: "This war is certainly keeping people guessing. I see they're wondering now when Greece will come in."

Mrs. Harold: "Yes and it's just the same with bacon. I've been down to the provision man every day this week, and he keeps saying it'll come in any minute."



"Sergeant Sandy McClintock says he loves to smoke, but he never enjoys a pipeful of tobacco."

"How do you account for that?"

"Well, when he smokes his own tobacco he worries about the cost and when he smokes some friend's tobacco he packs the bowl so full that it don't draw well."



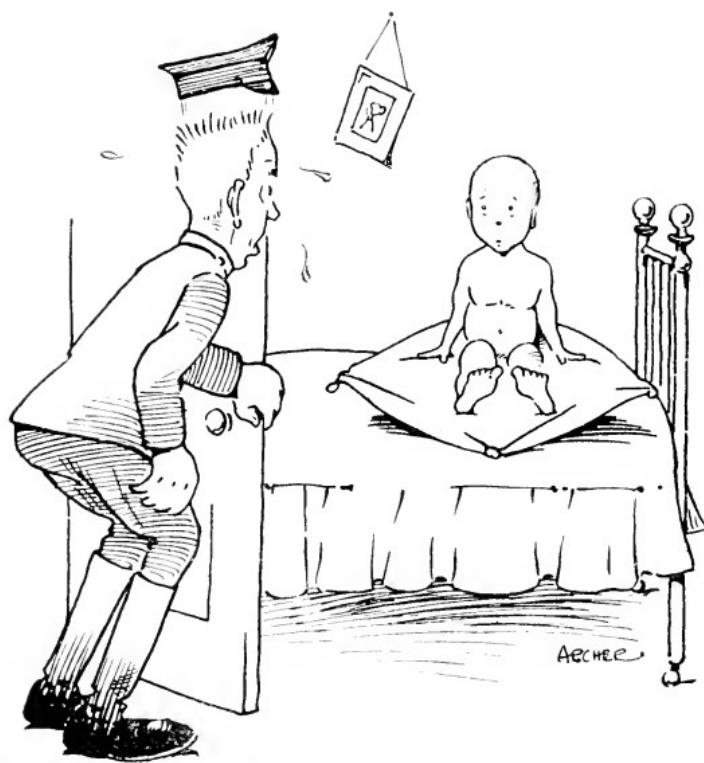
Ensign in Navy: "I'm so glad, dear, that you gave up Lieutenant Owen for me. Tell me, dearest, why do you prefer me?"

She: "Oh I got so sick of khaki and I always did like navy blue as a color."

CENSORED!

The world is all against me Jim,
'Tis surely playing h—l,
I cannot write love letters now
To my girl—Rosabelle.
Lieutenant Smith reads all the mail
Yes, d—n that blot dispensor,
He also writes to Rosabelle
My mail don't pass his censor.





DOING HER BIT

When Sergeant Jones was called to arms,
His darling little wife
Decided that to Red Cross work
She'd consecrate her life.

So every day down at the rooms
The Red Cross things she'd knit,
While Sergeant Jones—some miles away,
Would drill and do his bit.

One day the Stork passed Jones' home
And left a little lad,
Then Brown, M. D., the family Doc,
Phoned right away for Dad.

Now Sergeant Jones got leave at once,
In one hour he was home,
But there he found the tiny babe
A' sitting all alone.

"Where's Mother?" cries the happy dad,
The little kid replies,
"Back to the Red Cross she has rushed
To knit for the Allies."

★ ★ ★

"I suppose your soldier son has had some nerve racking experiences?"

"I should say so!"

"Is he in the trenches?"

"No, but his description of answering reveille on a cold morning is just as nerve racking as any accounts I have read of going over the top."

★ ★ ★

Bill: Joe is getting conceited as the devil.

Bob: How so?

Bill: He refuses to shoot any but German officers.



FRANCO-AMERICAN

A French soldier who came proudly up to an American in a certain headquarters town the other day asked: "You spik French?"

"Nope," answered the American, "not yet."

The Frenchman smiled complacently. "Aye spik Engleesh," he said, looking about for some means to show his prowess in the foreign tongue. At that moment a French girl, very neat and trim, came along. The Frenchman jerked his head toward her, looked knowingly at the American and said triumphantly: "Chicken!"

"Shake!" said the Yankee, extending his hand. "You don't speak English; you speak American."

Two soldiers—an Irishman and an Englishman—having met in Flanders—began to talk of the hairbreadth escapes they had in battle.

"Well," said the Englishman, "one day in the height of an engagement a shell took the hair off my head. Now what do you think of that for a haircut?"

"Sure," said Pat, "when I was in a battle a bullet from one of them maxims whizzed by me and took every hair off my face. What do you think of that for a close shave."



It sure is tough on democracy when a fellow tries to light a cigarette with the only match within four miles and then has to drop it to salute a passing officer.



Lady Conductor: (To passenger who is monopolizing more than his share of room in the car) "Move up there, please."

The passenger unconcernedly continued to spread out. "Will you move up and make room for the other passengers, please?"

But the passenger was still indifferent.

Lady Conductor: (As a last resort) "Can any passenger tell me the German for 'Move up, please'?"

NAVAL KNOWLEDGE

A pretty maiden shy and coy
Was walking down the street,
A Jackie was approaching and,
Her gloves dropped at her feet.
He smiled as he picked up the gloves,
Then made a formal bow,
"You cannot work that bluff," he said,
"For I'm a Jackie now."



The Corporal (who had proposed and been accepted, interviewing her father.)

"I love your daughter, sir, but there is one thing I want to make sure of before I ask for her hand. Is there any insanity in your family?"

Girl's Father: "No, there isn't, and furthermore there isn't going to be any, either."



The society women were doing their bit by entertaining the boys with a musical program in a Camp Y. M. C. A. To conclude the performance, a would-be soprano sang "Old Black Joe" and "My Old Kentucky Home," after which the audience filed out. The vocalist then noticed that one of the men had remained seated, his head was in his hands and he was weeping. She decided to speak to him.

"I beg your pardon, my lad," she said, "but I see that my music has affected you deeply. Are you from Kentucky?"

"No," replied the soldier, "I am a musician."



Officer (to Private Hanson—very negligee and busy hunting for "cooties" in his clothes):

"Picking out the big ones, my man?"

Private Hanson: "No, sir, just taking them as they come."

It was in the earlier days of recruiting, when a particularly smartly attired man presented himself before the sergeant at a recruiting office. He adopted an air of great superiority, displaying at the same time in an ostentatious manner, a watch chain with big seals, a glittering tiepin, studs, cuff links, as well as several rings.

"Ah sergeant," he said, in a peremptory manner, "please look sharp with my details; I have—ah—rather an important engagement."

The sergeant looked him up and down steadily as though searching for something he could not find. Suddenly he sprang to his feet.

"I have it," he exclaimed, "Heavens, man, ye've forgotten yer bracelet."

★ ★ ★

Hazel: "Was papa very angry when you asked him for me, George, dear?"

Lieutenant: "Not at all; he asked me if I couldn't bring around a couple of other officers so that he could marry off your two sisters."

★ ★ ★

Rookie: (at mess) "By gosh—here's a piece of rubber tire in my stew."

K. P. "That's all right man. Don't you know that the motor truck is replacing the horse everywhere today?"

★ ★ ★

Jack: "What does 'Deutschland Uber Alles' mean?"

Sam: "Oh that means 'It's all over with Germany.' "



WAR IS H—L

For months I'd gone with Annabelle,
With war, I had to take my leave,
Promotions came and soon I wore
The sergeant's stripes upon my sleeve.

But now a rival claims her hours,
She does not care to see me now,
He wears the captain's double bars,
Oh d—n the Kaiser, anyhow!



MADE IN U. S. A.

A wounded American soldier was telling his battles over again.

"Yes," said he, "a boche shell hit me right in the neck."

"And you are alive now?" gasped his listener.

"Yes. You see, stranger, the shell was made in Germany, but my collar stud was made in the U. S. A. and I guess the squib sort of subsided. It was some stud."

The doctors were holding a consultation beside the bed of a soldier who was to have an operation.

"I believe," said one of the surgeons softly, "that we should wait and let him get a little stronger before cutting into him."

Before the other surgeon could reply, the patient, who had overheard, turned to the nurse with a grin and remarked:

"What do they take me for—a cheese?"



The officer who was inspecting the line in Flanders came across a raw looking doughboy.

"What are you here for?" asked the officer.

"To report anything unusual, sir."

"What do you call unusual? What would you do if you saw five battle cruisers steaming across the field?"

"Take the pledge, sir."



"Did Cuthbert appeal for exemption?"

"Yes."

"On what grounds?"

"I don't know—unless it was upon the ground that if he went to war his wife's father would have no son-in-law to support."

"How is your college educated son getting along in the army?"

"Well he was always behind in his studies but believe me, he's making a record at the front now."

★ ★ ★

"I'm going to propose to Gertrude tonight."

"Think she'll accept you?"

"Sure, I'm going to wear my new uniform."

★ ★ ★

Old Army Sergeant: "Yes, sir,—war is sure ruining the army. Think what it will be like when it is full of civilians."

★ ★ ★

Benson: (In 1925) "You'll find my ancestors' names on the Declaration of Independence."

Jenson: "Yes, and you'll find my name on the rolls of the 108th Engineers who were in France in 1918."

★ ★ ★

"That injured soldier will never be able to hold down a clerk's job again."

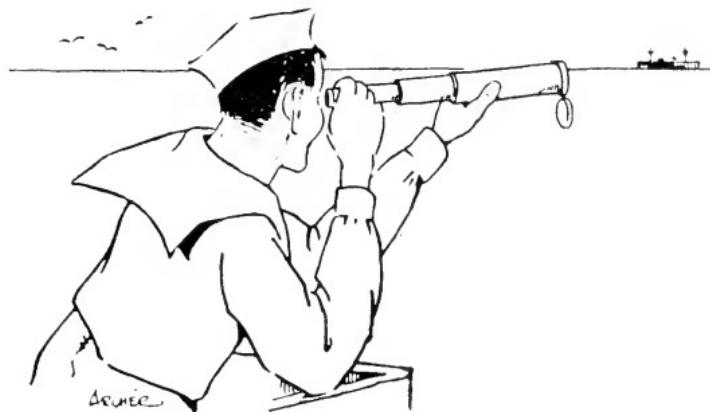
"Has he lost his writing hand?"

"No, but his pen ear is gone."



JULIETTE AND ED

When tastes and thots are much alike,
It means domestic bliss,
And tho the navy separates,
Your lives won't run amiss;
Altho apart, you will retain
Some similarities,
For Juliette will see the sales,
While Ed will sail the seas.



Mistress: (to new maid) "I want you to understand that your new master is a captain."

Maid: "Oh, that's all right—I just adore soldiers."

★ ★ ★

"Mae: "The Lieutenant has asked me to be his wife."

June: "I thought he would. He told me that he never expected to come back."

★ ★ ★

First Soldier: (in restaurant) "How are your eggs, Bill?"

Second Soldier: "I'll match you to see who goes back for the gas masks."

★ ★ ★

The military romance was to culminate but three weeks after the meeting. As the strains of the wedding march reached their ears, the best man remarked:

"What's the matter, Tom, you look worried. Have you lost the ring?"

"No," replied Tom, "the ring's safe but I've lost my enthusiasm."

★ ★ ★

"So Harry is over in France. Do you think that he'll be true to you?"

"Hardly—I understand that he has figured in four engagements already."

PARADOXICALLY SPEAKING

Females now hold down positions
Of the males who've gone away,
Female coppers and conductors,
Have supplanted and hold sway.
Since the mail man has departed,
Females carry mail much better,
You should see our new mail female
When she brings my daily letter.



FOOD IS AMMUNITION

Food is Ammunition,
Food will win the war,
When they serve you biscuits
Always ask for more.
If you cannot eat them,
Save those heavy buns,
Take them to the trenches,
Throw them at the Huns.



Sergeant (drilling awkward rookies): "It don't take long to get ideas into your heads, but I'd like to know what you do with them when they get there."

★ ★ ★

"Were you sore after they vaccinated you in the army?"

"No—why should I be sore, they did not charge me for it."

★ ★ ★

"So the bathing instructor got a fitting job in the army?"

"Yes—he's now bathing dishes."

★ ★ ★

Lucille: "I have decided to give up candy for the duration of the war."

Lieutenant: "I'm sorry—I just brought you a box."

Lucille: "In that case I'll give up frankfurters and sauerkraut."

★ ★ ★

Ensign: "I know that you love me dearest."

Jane: "Then I can never marry you."

Ensign: "Why not?"

Jane: "Because I have sworn never to marry a man who knows more than I do."

A company commander received an order from battalion headquarters to send in a return giving the number of dead Huns in front of his sector of the trench. He sent in the number as 2,001. H. Q. rung up and asked him how he arrived at this unusual figure. "Well," he replied, "I'm certain about the one, because I counted him myself. He's hanging on the wire just in front of me. I estimated the 2,000. I worked it out all by myself in my own head that it was healthier to estimate than to walk about in 'no man's land' and count 'em."

* * *

"You seem happy since you enlisted."

"I'm in the army; it's against the law for any of my relatives to borrow my clothes."

* * *

Mrs. Murphy: "What a blessing children are."

Mrs. Riley: "How so?"

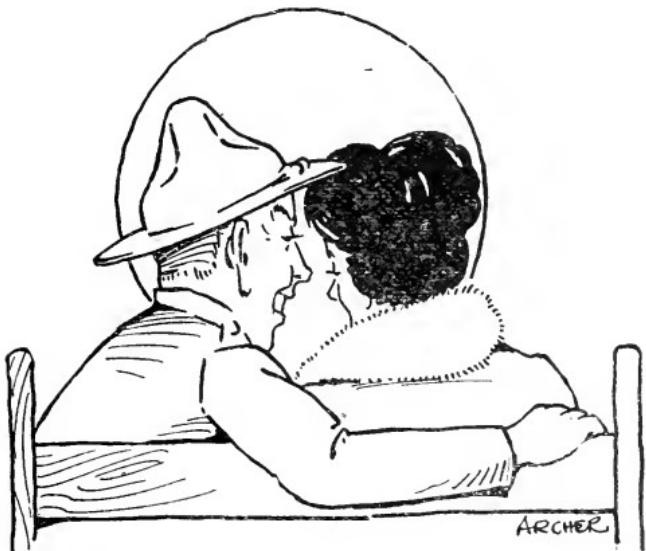
Mrs. Murphy: "They didn't draft Mike because he had six."

RETROSPECTION AND ANTICIPATION

They've left the old green benches
Along the old lake shore,
They're sitting in the trenches,
A' thinking 'bout the war.

While powder now they're facing,
In each and every trench,
They're wishing they were facing
Some powder on a bench.

But some day, no more powder
Will trench or land deface
On benches, powder then will be
Effaced from face to face.



The officer was very punctilious about the rules, but was limited by the resources of civilization. One day he sent for the sergeant to ask how long it had been since the men had changed their shirts.

"A month," was the reply.

"But the regulations say that they must change their shirts at least once a week."

"They haven't any shirts to change into, sir."

"Then let them change shirts with each other."



Scotch Soldier: "Are you the fellow that dragged me out of that shell hole under fire?"

Ambulance Man: (modestly) "Oh, that's all right."

Scotch Soldier: "Well, what the devil did you do with my pipe?"



"Daughter, did you give back that young lieutenant everything he gave you as I directed?"

"Yes, father, I did exactly as you said—even his kisses."



NO OPPORTUNITY

The guy you heard yell,
"I don't want to get well,"
Was a little bit off in his dome,
You try when you're sick
To get out damn quick
You know then, "There's no place like home."
Your nurse, oh so pretty,
As sung in the ditty,
Will never become your love ace,
No sentiment there
Each nurse gay and fair
Has whiskers all over his face.

The Objector—"This idea of putting women in the army is all nonsense, don't you think?"

The Statistician—"Not entirely. None would claim exemption on account of age or physical imperfection and there would be no old age pensions to pay."



Wife (reading paper)—"A great many prominent men seem to be working for the Government for a dollar a year."

Husband—"Well, I guess some of them are worth it."



Conscientious Objector—"Shooting at those targets makes me realize how awful war will be. I'd die before I'd kill a man!"

Officer (who had watched him shoot)—"You certainly would."



A rookie in camp, being broke, wired to his father:
"Dad,—Send me \$10 at once, as I am on the hog."
Promptly his father wired back:
"Ride the hog home; we're out of meat."



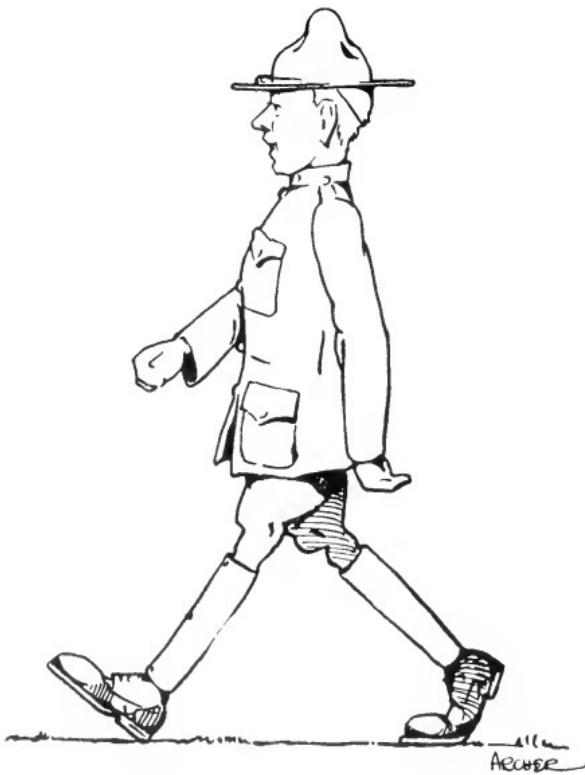
ON FURLOUGH

At twenty to two, the hour is for two,
If the porch built for twenty, holds two:
If the girl five feet two, has reached twenty-two,
And he too is just twenty-two.

'Tis wonderful too, at twenty to two,
When they feel they'll be one 'stead of two;
Good nights—more than two, at twenty to two,
Are too few, if there's two, twenty-two.

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